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Chapter 1 by tadas

Going in firmly and slowly through broken glass carpet. Cracks under my boots echo through dark hall and mixing with my loud thoughts:

"Why i am chasing this bastard. I am scared and tired."

Curiosity gives me a right push, always curiosity gives me a good time with near death experience. I pressed my lips and going further.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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